

The
Craigdarroch
1940





Victoria College
Library



Victoria College

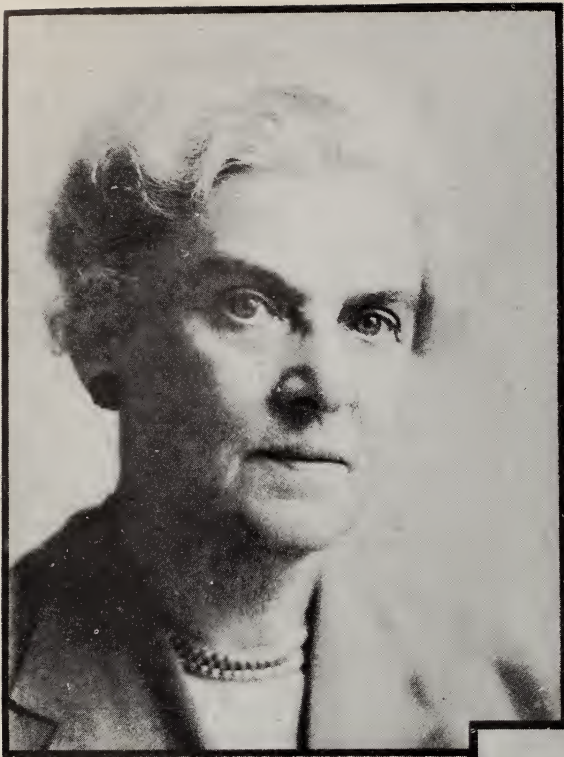


The Annual Board
Presents to the Faculty and Students

— OF —

Victoria College
«The Craigdarroch»
1940

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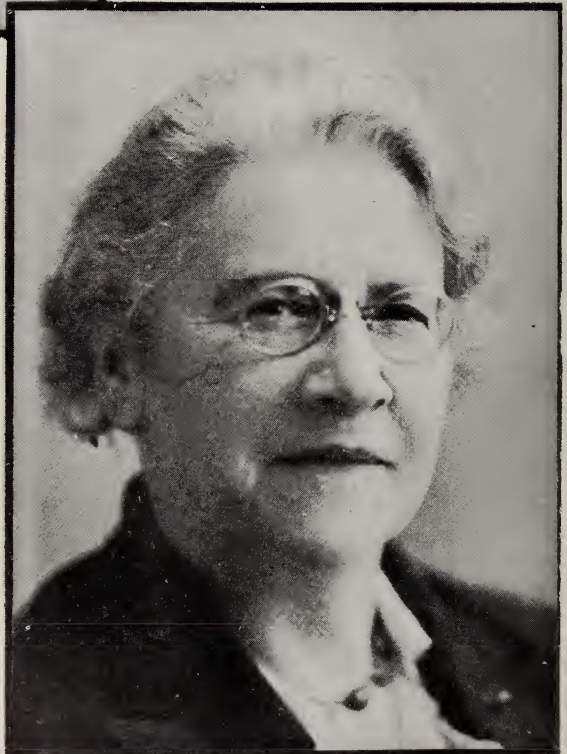
Dedication

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To
Miss J. A. CANN, B.L.
(left) and
Mme. E. SANDERSON-MONGIN
(below)

We, the STUDENTS of
VICTORIA COLLEGE,
respectfully dedicate this
ANNUAL.

•





Foreword

Every thing that exists on this earth is engaged in a constant struggle with its environment. To this rule Man is no exception.

Probably it was this effort to survive that called into being his principal bodily and mental powers as they are to-day.

He learned through misery and death that his only weapon against the plagues that infest this life is a developed and sharpened mind. This is one of the lessons of History.

But what of character and high spiritual quality? Certainly, human society cannot develop fully without them; but will these things alone master cancer of the body or cancer of society?

It appears that the Creator has put a high premium on the development of intelligence. The rule for the individual and for society seems to be — understand or die.

P. H. Elliott.

... FACULTY



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Principal, Sciences



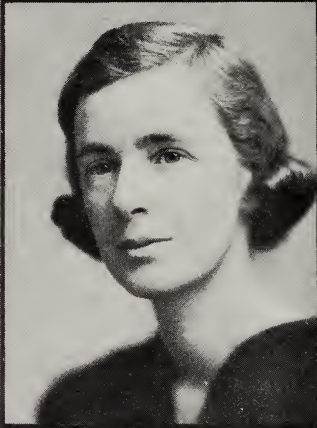
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W. H. HICKMAN, M.A.
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Assistant, Biology and Zoology



E. J. SAVANNAH, A.B., S.B.
Instructor in Chemistry



Miss D. CRUICKSHANK, B.A.
Assistant Registrar

Mr. ROBBINS and Mr. HICKMAN

We were happy this year to welcome two newcomers to the College Staff, Mr. Harry Hickman, Assistant Professor of French, and Mr. William Robbins, Assistant Professor of English. Mr. Hickman has recently returned from a visit to France, and he has had many interesting things to tell of both the serious and the lighter sides of French life. Previously he was an instructor at Victoria High School. This year Mr. Hickman held a weekly musical appreciation hour of gramophone recordings, which, always well attended, has been a valuable contribution to College activities. He conducted some research into the "musical I. Q." of the students during these hours by occasionally presenting the audience with a quiz on the music played. For French enthusiasts, he has also held conversation groups, which were of help to those who wished to improve their pronunciation and diction. Refreshments, which were provided, formed an added attraction at these gatherings. Mr. Robbins is a graduate of U. B. C., and after teaching at Winnipeg, has recently been studying at Toronto. He has proved a worthy successor to Miss Cann, capably initiating his students into the mysteries of Euripedes and Shaw. Mr. Robbins was Staff Supervisor of the Players' Club this year, and under his supervision the Club produced three very successful plays in January. We hope that Mr. Robbins and Mr. Hickman will find their stay at the College a satisfactory and pleasant one.

Mr. NAPIER DENISON

Mr. Napier Denison was for many years director of the Meteorological Station at Gonzales. He is now retired and engaged in research work here at the College. He is a well known authority on seismology (study of earth tremors, etc.). Mr. Denison has been ill for some weeks, and it is the hope of all that he will soon recover.



EDITORIAL[®]

It is customary to attempt to fill a page or a portion thereof with an Editorial in which the Annual staff protests its dislike for Editorials, states its belief that such matter is not read, and on occasion, gives a statement of policy.

Realizing there is little to be said that has not been said before, and in all likelihood more effectively, we shall not attempt to be brilliant or original.

The production of an Annual calls for much work on the part of those actively engaged in its compiling. It is at times discouraging, but above all it is an experience, from which those who participate may gain much.

This particular production is somewhat of a departure from those of recent years in its technical details. We hope that it will be considered equal to, if not better, than those of former years.

The Editorial staff take this as a place fitting for the acknowledgment of work and encouragement so freely given by certain people who do not receive recognition as members of the Annual Board. We may say that without these contributions doubtless one of the discouragements mentioned before would have proven too great to overcome.

—THE EDITOR.

In Memoriam

Midshipman PETER G. PIDDINGTON

Victoria College, 1935-36

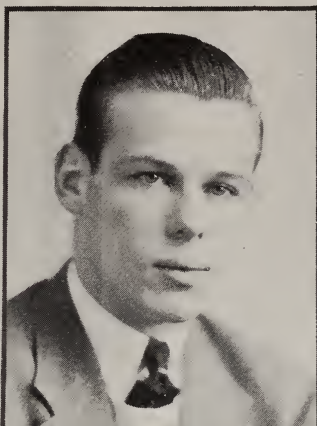
Died in the service of his country with the sinking of
H.M.S. "Royal Oak"

at Scapa Flow, on October 14, 1939

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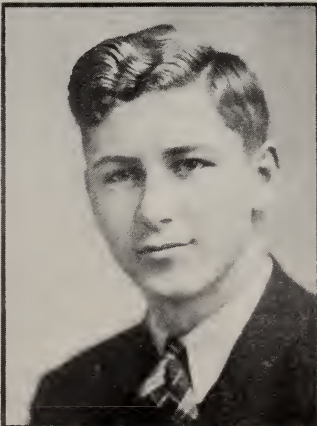
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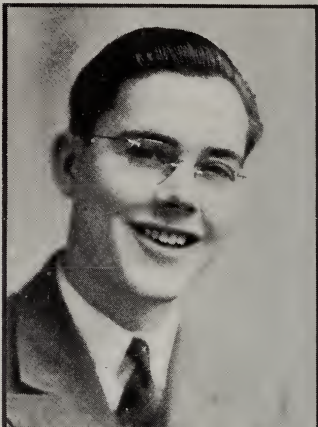
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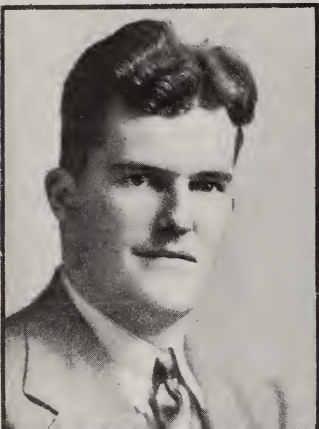
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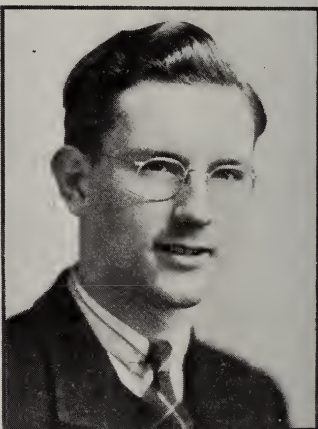
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First Year Representative

STUDENTS' COUNCIL

The Students' Council is indebted to the Faculty and the Student Body of Victoria College for helping and supporting the various activities which have been undertaken during the year 1939-40.

On behalf of the students we should like to welcome our two new professors, Mr. Hickman and Mr. Robbins. We hope that they will find the time which they spend at the College pleasant, both in and out of the lecture room.

This year the students have found that some of the usual extra-curricular activities of the College were curtailed. However, in spite of the absence of the Freshman initiation and the Varsity Invasion, the year has been quite successful.

The first function of the new term was the tea given by the Sophomore women on the opening day of College to welcome the Freshettes. Co-eds, Freshmen and Sophomores became acquainted at the Freshman dance held a week later. The parents of the students were entertained at the College at the Parents' Reception which took place early in the pre-Christmas term.

The Council wishes to thank the girls who organized and looked after the "caf" during the year. The plan to sell a wider variety of refreshments was successful, a fact proved by the crowd to be found in the "caf" every day at noon.

In the line of athletics we are glad to welcome the return of soccer and swimming to the campus.

We extend our best wishes to the new Council for a successful year during 1940-41.

—PEGGY SEDGMAN, Secretary.

CHARLES RAINE

Mr. Raine conducts the most trying duties of the College. His work does not end with any set hour, day, or term.

It seems to us that such duties must try one's patience to the utmost, but Mr. Raine is never of any mood but happy—this is something that is really commendable, and certainly aids the students in keeping the "sunny side up."

Despite these duties "Charlie" finds time to conduct the Canadian Legion Band, with which he is most willing to aid College functions.

INCONGRUITY

And will I love you when the winter comes?
My dear, you are but part of this sweet glow—
The sand, the warm grey sand, the sky, the sea,
The wind in your hair and you smiling at me.

My love for you is cooling with this sand,
Now slips it lightly to the water's edge.
You watch it go? you smile?—that stupid smile!
I hate your smug contentment!

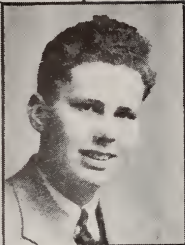
—June Byrom.

CLUBS

SCIENCE CLUB



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President

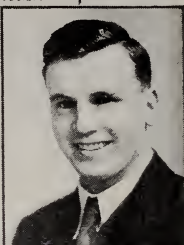


GILBERT BAAL
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LITERARY ARTS SOCIETY



VIVIAN TEMPLE
President



GEORGE BISHOP
Secretary

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB



CONSTANCE SULLIVAN
President

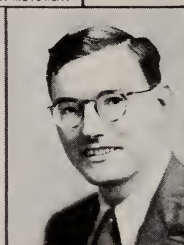


GLEN HAMILTON
Secretary

STUDENTS CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT

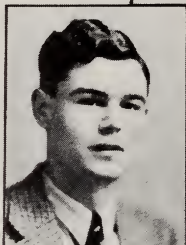


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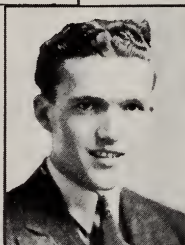


RAYMOND GRAVLIN
Secretary

BADMINTON CLUB

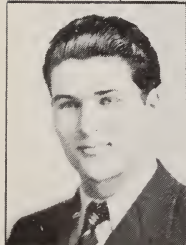


ROLAND DODWELL
President



JOHN MacPHERSON
Secretary

PLAYERS CLUB



COLIN LUCAS
President



MARY DRURY
Secretary

GLEE CLUB



LUCY BERTON
President



NANEEN STEPHENS
Secretary

WOMEN'S UNDERGRADUATE SOCIETY

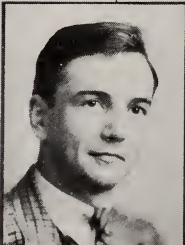


BETTY LINDSAY
President



NEDRA DE BECK
Secretary

MEN'S DISCUSSION CLUB



IAN McPHERSON
President



LAWRENCE PROWD
Secretary



INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB

President: Connie Sullivan. Secretary: Glen Hamilton.

As usual, the International Relations Club has maintained its enviable reputation as the club with the largest average attendance in the College. Under the guiding hand of Mr. Pettit, it has enjoyed a successful year.

The club has attempted to concentrate on the problems of Germany with a view to understanding the essential factors for the organization of a future world peace.

At our first evening meeting, Mr. Pettit gave an interesting address on "Mein Kampf and the Rise of Hitler." The next speaker was Capt. Elmore Philpott, who spoke to a large audience on the subject: "Russo-German Relations, 1919-1939." Mr. Jack Ruttan also contributed a penetrating analysis of "Canada's Role in the Future Peace."

At alternate meetings papers were presented by student speakers. Among those students were: Gerry Cross, Brenda Smith, Gwen Gibbs, Larry Prowd, John Swainson, Larry Wyatt, Helen Manning, Beth Elwood and Don Fields.

The annual North-west Pacific I. R. C. Conference was attended by seven Victoria College students who took a leading part in the discussions. The College was exceptionally honoured in having Larry Wyatt elected Vice-President of next year's conference. (An account of this conference may be found elsewhere in the Annual.)

The officers for the year were: President, Connie Sullivan; Vice-President, Larry Prowd, and Secretary, Glen Hamilton. Thanks are due to Mr. Pettit and the executive, which consists of Joyce Dalziel, Roland Dodwell and Don Fields, for their fine organization work.

PLAYERS' CLUB

President: Colin Lucas. Secretary: Mary Drury.

The first general meeting was held in October and a program for the year organized. It was decided to present three one-act plays with student directors instead of the usual one three-act play. In so doing, a greater number of students were able to participate, and the strain of parts was more evenly distributed. Mr. Robbins was appointed Honorary President, and the following were elected to the executive: Colin Lucas, president; Mary Drury, secretary-treasurer; and a committee consisting of Lucy Berton, Earl Foster and Don Nelson.

The following plays were selected: "Get out of your Cage," a study in character by M. Plowman; "The Sentence," a prison drama by F. Howell; and "When Peacocks Sing," a farce by T. M. Watson.

Beginning in January, rehearsals were held twice a week, and students were appointed to back-stage positions. In preference to the larger Victoria High School auditorium, the Central Junior High was obtained for the modified program of this year, and the plays were presented there with great success on the evenings of February 16 and 17. After the final performance those immediately concerned with the productions of the plays attended a reception at the College, where dancing and refreshments were enjoyed. On behalf of the Club, Colin Lucas presented Mr. Robbins with a token of its appreciation. This terminated a very successful year.

MUSIC APPRECIATION SOCIETY

With Mr. Hickman at the baton, the Victoria College Music Appreciation Society swung into an active and pleasant season. Starting the year with a makeshift gramophone, the club with the co-operation of the Students' Council was able to secure an excellent electrical gramophone which has enhanced the program to a degree. The club, meeting weekly throughout the year on Thursday noon, has maintained a large attendance.

The programs have been well balanced and greatly augmented by Mr. Hickman's explanations. Students' requests have been given due consideration and excellent use of records from students' private collections has been made. Special mention should no doubt be made of the Quiz held one noon and also of the Mystery Concert which confounded everyone.

We hope that next year this activity will continue after such a satisfactory beginning.

GLEE CLUB

President: Lucy Berton. Secretary: Naneen Stephens.

In October, the Glee Club met for the election of officers. Successful meetings were held weekly on Mondays at noon, where students sang lustily. The club's only public appearance was at the Pep meeting in November.

Because of lack of interest on the part of the students, meetings were discontinued during the second term.

LITERARY ARTS SOCIETY

President: Vivian Temple. Secretary: George Bishop.

Early in the first term an organization meeting re-established the Literary Society. The selection of Vivian Temple as president and the keen interest of Miss Humphrey did much to insure a worthwhile club.

The members met every second Tuesday evening. This year the executive has tried to cover a wide range of modern literary work. Reading and discussion has included modern plays, short stories, and recent autobiography. Articles and stories which have especially appealed to individual members have also been read.

Allied topics have also been given some attention. Discussion on art and music which generally developed during the refreshments have not been least in value or interest.

STUDENTS' CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT

President: Joe Awmack. Secretary: Ray Gravlin.

The year's meetings of the S. C. M. have been mainly concerned with informal discussions with a view to promoting mutual understanding and fellowship among students. The effectiveness of this group in the life of the College (as with other groups) has been limited by small attendance.

Among outside speakers addressing the group were Miss Gibbard, Missionary Secretary for the S. C. M., recently returned from the war zone of China; Miss Kinney and Mr. Phil. Beattie of the National Executive.

George Bishop, who represented the group at the Toronto Conference at Christmas, gave an interesting report on his return.

It would be very desirable to have Victoria College represented at the S. C. M. Camp at Gambier Island, April 26 to May 4.

WOMEN'S UNDERGRADUATE SOCIETY

President: Betty Lindsay. Secretary: Nedra De Beck.

The society was reorganized late in October with the election of officers and the appointment of Miss Fields as Honorary President.

In the first term, scarves were knitted for British sailors and a pep meeting was organized in co-operation with the Glee Club, M. D. C., and Ward 9. At this function the W. U. S. won back the coveted Tomato-Can cup from the M. D. C. in a Quiz contest.

Later Mr. Hickman gave an interesting talk on "The Women of France," and questions were asked on various aspects of French life.

In the second term the women confined their activities to the Caf and to the organization of the Co-ed dance, for which they made the programs and decorations.

The Caf has become the centre of many pleasant associations, and it is hoped that it will be continued next year.

BADMINTON CLUB

President: Roland Dodwell. Secretary: John MacPherson.

The Badminton Club has not been particularly active this year. Play has been continued on Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons of each week with an occasional match as extras. The year's big event, the club tournament, has recently been completed with the following winners:

Men's Open Singles.....	Walter Knotts
Women's Open Singles.....	Jill Cavenagh
Men's Open Doubles.....	Walter Knotts and John MacPherson
Women's Open Doubles.....	Jill Cavenagh and Gwen Gibbs
Mixed Open Doubles.....	Jean Mitchell and Roland Dodwell
Men's Handicap Singles.....	Don Robinson
Women's Handicap Singles.....	Jean Mitchell
Men's Handicap Doubles.....	David Stevens and Don Robinson
Mixed Handicap Doubles.....	Jill Cavenagh and Walter Friker

SCIENCE CLUB

President: Gordon Calderhead. Secretary: Gilbert Baal.

The Science Club has had a somewhat successful year during 1939-40. Although the meetings were not crowded, the members were always enthusiastic, and the club was fortunate in securing interesting speakers, who generously gave of their time to speak about those branches of science not on the curriculum.

Two of the speakers were Dr. Wm. Newton, who spoke on "The Distillation and Fermentation of Wines," and Mr. Napier Denison, who spoke on "The Horizontal Pendulum and its relation to Natural Phenomena." Student speakers during the term were: Dave Rose, Jim Arden, and James Greer. At the time of writing a trip is being planned to the Sidney Roofing Company's plant.

MEN'S DISCUSSION CLUB

President: Ian McPherson. Secretary: Larry Prowd.

This year the Men's Discussion Club was not organized till the spring term. However, under the guidance of president Ian McPherson and secretary Larry Prowd, the club met several times with marked success.

Because of the late organization, there were not as many meetings as had been hoped for, but, quoting the president, "the lack of quantity of meetings was made up in their quality." The club also contributed their talents to the fall term pep meeting.

Mr. Farr: "What was the first token money in France called?"
Metro: "Billet doux."

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Valedictory

It is with a mixture of pleasure and regret that I prepare this valedictory—pleasure because to many of us the time of writing signifies a broadening of life—regret because the moment of departure from Victoria College is near. For two years we have had the opportunity of enjoying all College activities, and whether or not we have taken advantage of these opportunities has depended solely upon ourselves. It seems fitting that “*Tuum est*” be our motto, and we would do well to keep that phrase predominantly in our minds as we depart. Though we leave Dunsmuir Castle its memories will remain a part of us. The dissatisfactions we have encountered fade away, nullified by the pleasures we have enjoyed.

It has been wisely said that College without academic study is of little value, but one may just as truly say that College without its friendships and social interests would be of small importance. To every student with whom we have come in contact we owe recognition for the part they have played in our development. The Faculty also have been not merely advisers but friends in preparing us for the problems we are to face.

May the same spirit of comradeship we have had the fortune to enjoy remain with this, our Alma Mater.

—HARRY M. EVANS.

ATHENA ALEXANDER

Athena enters into her work conscientiously and also takes an interest in the club activities of the College. She spends much of her time in the west wing of the library—that portion of the library where people really work.



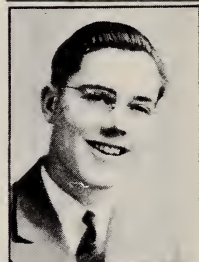
JEAN ALEXANDER

She brightened up dull winter days at College with tartan bracers and saddle shoes. One of the few students who had her English essay done a week early. Her pleasant, dignified manner will be an attribute to any profession she may follow.



JOHN ANDERSON

J. "Smokehouse" Anderson, as he is known to Chem. 2'ers, is devoting his time to the dissipation of a model "A". Jack has a philosophic mind and sufficient powers of rationalization to convince himself that it is all for the best when he spills an unknown in Chem. 2. He is the sole proprietor of the "Gordon Head Taxi Service".



JAMES ASSELSTINE

First, last, and always stomping about the halls of the College looking for Rugby players who haven't come to practice. The only living Chemistry student who has "torn off" a couple of generals at one sitting. Has a great admiration for "form" and is very interested in "line"—his is good!



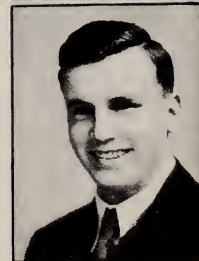
JOSEPH AWMACK

Joe rides to school on a one-cylindereed, converted, two-wheeled, rubber-tired egg-beater. The Men's Basketball team deeply appreciates Joe's faithful support at their games.



GEORGE BISHOP

George is so full of pep that if he had not been a delegate to the S. C. M. conference at Toronto he would have walked, swam, hitched or crawled there. All French novels are merely mysteries to George.





GERALD BRYSON

There are only three "We'll kill 'em" boys at College, and Gerry is one of them. Says he owes his "school-girl" complexion to the fact that he takes no labs and spends his afternoons surrounded by "Petty" philosophy. Likes to be referred to as "G. S. Bryson, Pres."



JOHN GRAHAM BUTLER

The Princeton flash really panicked them as "Lou" in "The Shootin' of Dan McGrew." Being interested in dentistry, the mention of a .1 molar solution conjures up pictures of decaying bi-cuspid. Menthol twistings being unpopular in Ward 9, Shirley smokes them.



SHEILA CAWLEY

Sheila works at French "par jour",
To her the subject is not dour.
Every night she reads some classic,
But to her it's not fantastic;
What else she does in her spare time—
Your guess is just as good as mine!



JOYCE CULL

Joyce has come back after a two year absence and is specializing in Zo. and Bi., where she is a top ranking student. One of the few people who can remove a frog's pectoral girdle without giving it heart trouble.



GERTRUDE DEAN

The problem girl of Ec. 10. In spite of overwhelming odds, Gertie had done well in carrying on the splendid records set by her predecessors from Nanaimo. Having been with us but one year, she is none-the-less a popular sophomore.



NEDRA DeBECK

Nedra's become a "sub-deb" now,
And will teach Betty why and how,
But just the same beneath it still
She just can't back a car uphill.

She smiles, and nods, and says "ah yes,"
Her real thoughts we shall not guess,
Doubtless, of all friends still here,
"Friend Lindsay" is to her most dear.

HARRY EVANS

Lives in the third cupboard from the left in the Council Room, where, as President, he gets terrific co-operation, and we do mean CO-OPERATION. Plays a good game of rugger, and is generally an all-around good fellow.



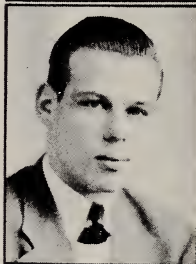
ALBERT FARLEY

Bert is one of the fellows that knows a lot more than he'll tell—we've been watching him this year and he's been making great strides. He makes his daily trip to Ward 9 and smokes his OWN tobacco.



WALTER FRIKER

Have you ever seen a brick wall moving? Well, our rugby opponents did this year. We feel that Mr. Friker is destined for great things but without consulting Karma we can plainly see that he must avoid three things in his march along the narrow path—1. Blondes. 2. Brunettes. 3. Redheads.



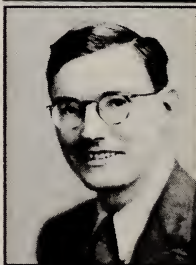
MORA GAY

Mora rejoined us at Christmas to complete her second year. She is another of those rare scientific Chem. II. females. She spends a lot of time at the head of a table in the library.



RAY GRAVLIN

Exemplifies what a true student should be. His sense of humor has not been impaired by some years of teaching. But why should it? Is seen usually in either (a) Chem. 2 lab., (b) Zoo. lab., (c) extra French class and (d) discussion with other men "who came back."



GLEN HAMILTON

A slightly dwarfed course this year
Has led to much expansion;
Technocrat, Haymaker, Mike, fiddler, red hair,
and I. R. C.
Oh! I'm afraid we've lost the scansion.





TREVOR HARRY

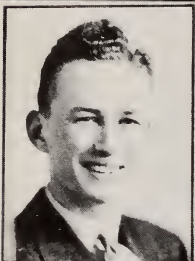
Batches half-way down the hill,
But never has to take a pill.
For he can cook, an' cook right well,
Hence comes to all labs feeling swell.

He's "full of beans" from morn till dark,
And always ready for some lark.
"Marsh Gas" they call him in Chem. II.,
And that's a name that's earned by few.



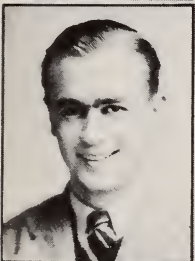
HOPE HEWETT

Hope, the efficient president of the V. C. U., and lone Greek II. scholar, may at any hour be discovered in the library completely snowed under by Mr. Black's inimitable mimeographed sheets, gazing dazedly at an "Apology for Socrates," and mumbling in random fashion what the unwary spectator takes to be the Greek alphabet.



BOB HORNE

Hardly a man of mystery but certainly a man of parts. His "Gus" on the highway is notorious, and his "guff" on the basketball floor (and everywhere else)—a thing renowned. His unvarying success at beating any given lecture bell by the breadth of whisper is only surpassed by his uncanny aptitude at tantalizing friends and amusing people.



PAT IZARD

A goodly portion of Pat's diet consists of the raw mud with which all of the local rugby fields are amply provided. There was a time when he thought that maybe this was a little too direct a way to get one's vitamins, but since he learned that the lowly earthworm takes it straight, he has ceased to worry.



DAVID JONES

If David's name is not conspicuous in the phone book that is due to circumstances beyond his control, but if he doesn't turn all his knowledge of Economics into a profitable career, then the gods can not be blamed.



MARGARET JUPP

Learns about life in the Zo. lab. and reads it in the Women's Commons. Margaret has two qualities that are the envy of many girls: 1. Can whip up her Zo. drawings in nothing flat, and 2. Sews many of her own smart clothes.

BOB LANE

He is possessed of a developed vocabulary and we assume the noises heard from the Council room may be attributed to Bob's elucidation on some difficult point. Has visible appreciation of jokes in lectures.



JACK LANIGAN

Jack is the quiet unobtrusive type to those who don't know him, but to those that know him—well the Russians have a word for it—"Wowski". Jack picked up a bag of tricks while working as an iceman and we are glad he is back with us to show us how.



JOYCE LENNARTZ

Always ready to give a consoling word to Chem. 2 students whose precipitate failed to appear. Is known to produce color changes both in test-tubes and faces. Because of her association with a frog's brain in the Zoo lab. she is known as a "Doubting Thomas."



EVELYN LETTICE

Eve is one of our most dependable players on the basketball team. She feels that 18 units make a well-rounded course, and yet finds time to keep up in her reading in the Commons. Eve is one of those individuals seen straggling out of Maths. 3 lectures 10 minutes before the bell.



BETTY LINDSAY

She stands near Nedra (on a chair),
'Tis hard to tell who is most fair,
For doing work she has a flair.
Betty commutes from Strawberry Vale,
The bus service she delights to fail,
While stumbling through a patch of kale.
"Der Fuehreress" rides the Annual Board,
But says they're really a decent horde.



YVONNE LOWDEN

She takes plenty of Economics,
But to her they're like Spring tonics,
She also seems to find Maths three,
As stimulating as "English tea."
What else she does we've no idea,
Thus 'tis well to stop right here.





GEORGE McKENZIE

With Marsland, George is anti-"dame";
In medicine he will carve his name.
But swing may lead him oft astray,
He knows that stuff from Z to A.



LLOYD McKENZIE

Murph has the unique manner of insulting those small freshmen who like to bask in his presence. An embryonic lawyer who can take on anyone in an argument and usually come out on top. The way he drags down that pipe would make one wonder what he uses for lungs.



AUDREY McNAUGHTON

When Junior starts pulling wings off butterflies, they tell you that you have a problem child on your hands. Yet I have seen Audrey dissect everything from a frog to a tom cat (I think it was the one that kept me awake last week) and still appear quite normal. If the scientific method makes all the difference why not let Junior take Zoology instead of sending him to a pathologist?



HELEN MANNING

An active woman of second year—Captain of Women's Basketball team, originator of the swimming Club, Women's Athletic Representative, and yet still had time to go to the I. R. C. conference at Eugene. One of the few students who can make a typewriter sound as if it is being used to its best advantage.



DOUGLAS MARSLAND

In tumbling and sports he has rare skill,
His lazy good humor attracts our good will.
"All women is nuts," we oft hear him mutter,
As female Zoologists around him do sputter.



JOHN MASTERS

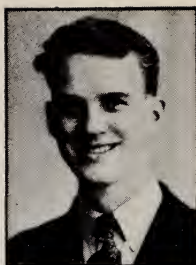
Johnny compressed four years of high school into a few crowded hours of diligent study by correspondence, and as such is the spirit that makes for success in the medical profession. He ought to make some real contributions in that field. If he can't cure them by physic he might try it with music, for his artistry on the piano would give hope to anyone.

CECIL MICKELSON

1. And it came to pass that there came one Cec. unto College and some noised abroad that he was a pedagogue and a man of much learning who dealt in weighty matters. And it was so, for he wore a red and silver button on his lapel.

2. For many days he remained faithful to the "Zo. lab. Discussion with Dissection" Club. His drawings were numerous and of much beauty.

3. But despite his many labours he wore a smile and was a man much liked by the multitude.



ALBERT O'NEILL

It is not Chemistry but rather the damp climate that has curled Bert's hair (he comes from Prince Rupert). Issuing forth on three occasions to control the destinies of the "We'll Kill 'Em" boys, he proved himself to be a capable basketball referee. Gave a solo rendition of "The Wearing of the Green" with his clarinet on the 17th of Ireland.



DAVID PARFITT

A woodwind wizard who plays an ancient Elizabethan instrument with a modern touch. Dave brings his car to Chem. lab. all too infrequently, which causes the Oaklands district boys much inconvenience.



RUTH PEAT

Is one of the promising Classic Scholars who is made the brunt of many of Mr. Black's jokes. Ruth is another member of the West Wingers in the library and her work is always a credit to herself and the college.



JOHN PICKFORD

John can usually reduce any of the perplexing problems which are our daily lot at college to two basic ingredients: 1. Difficulty—but Johnny can rationalize ably enough to realize that nothing is difficult in itself but that thinking alone makes it so—so why think? 2. Controversial elements—but John isn't the kind to be duped by the sophisms offered as explanations—so why listen?



KEITH RALSTON

His razor intellect gained Keith the privilege of a trip to Montreal last winter. Quite a trip wasn't "she", Keith? His argumentative mind puts him several jumps ahead of most of us in extra-curricular interests as well as in scholastic attainment.





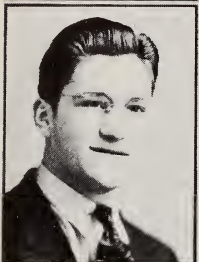
BILL REID

Who's that huge man? What—a college boy? Yes, Bill is a college boy but hardly of the Joe College tradition. He has been riding herd on a few innocent kids up in the Caribou (or somewhere in the Netherlands) for the past few years and just came to show us what school teaching can do to a man. Being of a hardy constitution and a hearty disposition he has survived it well and bids fair to overcome all of life's little troubles in the same gallant way.



MARIAN ROBINSON

Marian is the girl who believes that any solution anybody wants is on the end of the top shelf. What a shock she will get when she finds the bottle is empty. How can she smile every day while working with so much acid?



HEDLEY ROWELL

Commonly known as "The Tiger". Usually found piling up tremendous scores at College soccer games, and driving his men on to victory or something. Tiger tears through Chem. like he tears through a rugby team and his opposition dissolves before him like salt in H₂O.



JOYCE SCURRAH

Around this time of year Joyce comes out with remarks such as "Life is happy," and "Ah Spring!" and she has a rare knack of keeping certain people awake in lectures. She managed to choose subjects this year so that she can come at nine and leave at ten. This leaves her ample opportunity to gloat over less fortunate people and still get home in time for lunch.



PEGGY SEDGMAN

Hangs her hat up in that room
From which harsh noises often boom.
But for that she is a nice "gal",
Ask the people to whom she's "pal".
Can wither "wise-cracks" with a glance.
Or pleasantly "hostess" a dance.
For fear she might recognize the "verser"
We'll stop before this gets much "worse".



NORMAN SEWELL

Norm is the fellow with the distinctive hair who, as remarked by those who really don't know him, looks like a poet. Norman generates more H₂S in the Chem. 2 lab. than he really needs, and has brought many a conversation there to an abrupt close.

DOROTHY SHAW

Dorothy is a hard working woman of science who holds down Chem. II., Physics and Zo., and if you don't think that takes some holding down, try it sometime. Dorothy is on speaking terms with everyone in the Chem. lab., which is a sign of an even temperament and a deep understanding of complex beings.



BILL SLOAN

Alias "Buck," but "Empress" would suit him better considering the number of jams he gets into. The only man with enough courage to face 3 Ecs. from September to April. Except for an unmarred attendance record in Ward 9, he is a real outdoor man.



JEAN STRAIGHT

In spite of the fact that Jean attends only 3 lectures a week, she has plenty of College spirit. When not translating her Latin Bible (a gift from Mr. Black for making a first class), she may be found selling coffee and doughnuts in the caf.



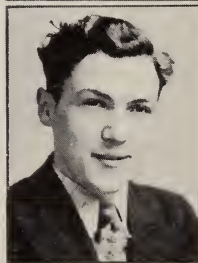
CONNIE SULLIVAN

Since seeing her performance in the College play, we are in favor of tunics "à la Constance." It is rumored that Connie is the last of the Sullivans. Please send up a cousin or something, Connie, or we will feel pretty lost up here.



JOHN TAIT

A quiet, unassuming chap, who, asking politely for supplies in the Chem. 2 lab., is given the "stock" answer, "Sorry, we haven't any." Johnny enjoys a cigarette in that luxurious, if somewhat thick atmosphere of Ward 9.



MASA TAKAHASHI

Masa is noted for her beautifully tailored suits, her collection of wrist-watches, and her huge purse, which is the envy of all co-eds. She is always bright and cheerful even though she took Physics this year much to our surprise—and Masa's.





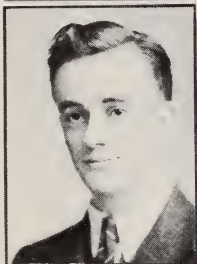
MONTY TYRWHITT-DRAKE

The immaculate Montague Lawrence Tyrwhitt-Drake, "Yahoo" as they say in Chem. 2, will identify him anywhere. He is quite an Adonis and is often seen down at the Empress on Saturday evening amid Bacchalian revelry.



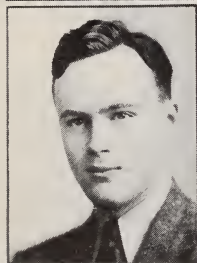
ELSIE VANTREIGHT

Elsie is taking Psychology only this term and being one of our most popular co-eds we certainly miss her from the rest of our lectures. Her distinctive hair-do adds to her generally smart appearance. Elsie has also established the record of getting from Gordon Head to the College in five minutes—or less! Who's the policeman you went to see, Elsie?



ALBERT VEY

Have you ever seen his pipe? Nuff said. Watching the Rugby team from the Zo. lab. got the better of Al, so he turned up to practices and played several good games with the boys.



TOM WAINMAN-WOOD

A conventional personal would tell you that Mr. T. W.-W. is heading for a diplomatic career via an Honours course in Economics at McGill. But we know that he is secretly learning Spanish and practicing bull-fighting in order to obtain practical experience as a basis for a treatise on "The Courtly Love Tradition in Spain to-day."



GEORGE WATKINS

An enigmatic lad he seems,
To those who don't perceive
Just how much humour and good sense
He has just up his sleeve.



DOUGLAS WORTHINGTON

The Duke has done wonders this year—turned out to all Rugby practices—took a stab at editing the Mike and kept everybody on their toes during the year. He's pretty hot stuff at throwing passes—performs best in Chem. Lab.

FINLAY JOHNSTONE

Fin made a one man Varsity Invasion early in the second term. Not being able to tear up our goal posts, he decided to remain among his rival collegiates, and we are not so sure that he has given up the idea of returning in triumph to his Alma Mater.



TERRY O'GRADY

Terry spent the first soft sweet days of his youth at Mackie's Boys' School in Vernon, coming to Victoria College a couple of years ago to take the full weight of the Chem. Lab. on his shoulders. But was precipitated from the solution by a concentrated Chem. 2b course about February. Having got Chem. 2b filtered out of the mixture, everything has been dissolved by his other subjects.

BERYL PALMER

Beryl came from Vancouver at Christmas and claims she could not find the Savannah studio—result, no picture of Beryl. Even after her close contact with the dog-fish, and cat in Zoo. Lab., she still thinks that vegetables are only fit for cows.

IAN WILLIAMS

Ian is seldom seen around the College but shows up at quite regular intervals in the Chem. Lab. to "rip off" an unknown or two. The boy knows his stuff and for that reason unknowns don't hold the same element of mystery for him as they do for some others we know.

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Brown, William B.
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Byrom, A. June

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Carter, E. Marjorie
Cavenagh, Nella P.
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Cooper, W. Charles
Craig, M. Patricia
Cross, Gerald H.

D

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Davey, G. Maurice
DeBeck, Betsy A.
Deveson, Walter G.
Dickson, J. Iris
Dixon, Helen B.
Dodwell, Roland B.
Drury, Mary A.
Dumbleton, Mae E.

E

*Eaton, Victor H.
Ellwood, E. Elizabeth
Eng, Peter
Englehardt, Norman T.

F

Farr, Grace L. M.
Fields, Donald B.
Flanagan, Mary M.

Foster, Earl S.
Franklin, David G.
Friker, Noreen L.
Fuller, Constance M.

G

Gibbs, M. Gwendolyn
Gill, Eric P.
Gill, P. Joan
Godfrey, Gerald F.
Gornall, David E.
Grant, J. Felicity
Gravlin, Margaret
Greene, K. Dorrit deP.
Greer, James H.
Gush, John B.

H

Hall, Barry E.
Hammond, A. Barnard
Harper, Jack W.
Henderson, Peter
Hibberson, Robert J.
Hines, Ronald G.
Holley, J. Robert
Hollins, Raymond N.
Holmes, Frank
Holt, Dorothy E.
Hope, Agnes C.
Hudec, Martin G.
Hughes, Hilda W.
Hutchinson, Hazel H.

I

Irwin, Mildred E.

J

James, Tom W.
Jenkins, R. Allan V.
*Jennings, Gordon
John, M. Gloria M.
*Johnson, Dorothy M.
Johnson, Leonard C.
Jones, Frances E.
Jones, Pamela M. M.
Jupp, Margaret E.

K

Kjekstad, Bernhard
Knotts, Walter E.

L

Laity, G. Bernard A.
Lang, Gina
Lees, Arthur W.
*Lindgren, Margery W.
Low, George A.
Lucas, Colin R.

M

McAllister, James A.
MacDonald, F. June
MacDonald, Ian D.
McInnes, A. Donald
MacKay, John
MacKay, Wallace I.
McKellar, Frank A.
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McPherson, Ian E.
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Miller, Joan
Millins, Betty P.
Minnis, Harvey B.
Mitchell, D. Jean
Montador, A. John
Morley, Mona R.
Murdock, Sarah J.
Mutton, Peter G.

N

Narod, Alvin J.
Nelson, C. Donald
Norman, Christopher J. B.

O

Orme, Mary H.

P

Paterson, Orleane R.
Perry, Albert W.
Peterson, Maryan A.
Plimley, Susette
Porter, Audrey E.
Prentice, F. Margaret
Price, Robert A.
Prickard, Barbara M.
Prisk, Betty M.
Prisk, Peggy M.
Proudfoot, Agnes E.
Proudfoot, James J.
Prowd, Lawrence W.

R

Ralfs, Roy B. H.
Ramsay, Isabel L.
Rashleigh, Arthur S.
Reid, Margaret J.
Robinson, Donald A.
Robinson, James A. R.
†Rogers, Henry
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Stark, Robert
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Stevenson, John W.
Swainson, John

T

Temple, E. M. Vivian
Thomson, Alexander
Turner, James A.
Twitchell, William H.

W

Walker, George C.
Walmsley, Phyllis A.
West, Enid A.
Westwood, William N.
Wickson, Mary V.
Wilby, Derek R.
Wilding, Malcolm F.
Willis, C. Norman

Wong, Joseph G.
*Wong, Leslie G. J.
Wyatt, Laurence R.

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Bruce, James T.
Cameron, Margaret
Carstens, Harry R.
McKenzie, James
Noble, Louise M.
Renfree, Henry A.
Stewart, Hazel E.
Taylor, George S.
Woodward, Ernest G.

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I. R. C. CONFERENCE

This year the College International Relations Club sent seven delegates to the Annual Northwest Regional Conference of Student International Relations Clubs, which met at Eugene on the University of Oregon campus in February. The delegates were: Hazel Hutchinson, Helen Manning, Gerry Cross, Don Fields, Larry Prowd, John Swainson and Larry Wyatt. Miss Dorothy Cruickshank was in charge of the expedition, which travelled to Eugene by bus. The Conference was an interesting experience for the delegates, who more than held their own in the round-table discussions. These discussions centred around the issues of Democracy, The Far East, Future World Peace, and American Foreign Policy. The Canadian delegates actively attacked American isolationism, and convinced an important minority of the necessity of American participation in the peace settlement. An outstanding figure at the Conference was Dr. Andre Philip, professor of economics at the University of Lyons, France, who presented the French attitude towards the War. Dr. Philip was optimistic concerning the formation of a federated Europe after the War, and foresaw the possibility of the adoption of a modified socialist economy by such a federation.

It is no exaggeration to say that the delegates enjoyed the trip almost as much as the Conference itself (or perhaps even more). Some time was profitably spent in both Seattle and Portland. Upon arrival in Eugene, the female delegates became the guests of a sorority house, and the male delegates the guests of a fraternity house, which they greatly admired. Some of the delegates worked so hard preparing for the Conference that one night they did not turn in until 3.30 a.m. Entertainment was well arranged, and one night four dances were in progress. Eugene itself is an attractive university city, and several delegates were fortunate enough to be driven around it. Most delegates conscientiously took an "Electra" or a "Hamlet" with them, and on the journey they must have got in at least thirty minutes of studying. Laurence Wyatt was elected vice-president of the Conference which will meet next year at the University of Idaho. All the delegates were grateful to the College and to the Council for their generous grants which partially financed the expedition, and which made it possible.

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S. C. M. CONFERENCE

A mark of the World Student Christian Federation's activities in North America was the conference held on the University of Toronto campus from December 27, 1939, to January 1, 1940. It was attended by 500 student delegates, representing American and Canadian universities.

These North American delegates were directed in their discussion on "The World Mission of Christianity" by internationally known speakers. They included Dr. T. Z. Koo of China, Dr. D. F. Niles of Ceylon, Secretary of the World's Y. M. C. A., Dr. H. P. Van Dusen, Dean of Students in Union Seminary, New York; Prof. H. L. Hromadka, formerly of Czechoslovakia, now lecturing at Princeton; and Miss Gertrude Rutherford, Toronto.

The delegates were convinced that the principles of Christianity carried out in social, economic and international spheres constitute the only solution for a world obviously in need of reorganization. The combination of careful organization and the opportunities for fellowship given the delegates made it a very valuable and successful conference.

CANADIAN STUDENTS' ASSEMBLY

The third National Conference of Canadian University Students was held at Ste. Anne de Bellevue from December 27 to 31, 1939, under the auspices of the Canadian Student Assembly. Delegates were present from 21 universities representing every section of the country. The topics of discussion were almost as varied as the representatives. Four commissions dealt with the problems of campus life, the need for improvement and extension of educational facilities, the responsibilities of Canada in the world of nations and with domestic problems affecting all Canadians.

In such difficult times as these it is all the more important that students from all sections of the country should come together to discuss their common problems with the advice and help of faculty leaders, to assemble together and investigate facts, and to formulate conclusions and recommendations for appropriate action. Only by realizing the basic factors underlying Canadian problems is it possible to make any progress in finding a common ground for unity amongst all groups and sections of Canadian life.

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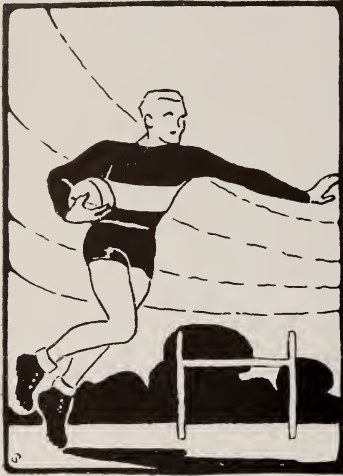
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SPORTS

1939-40

Despite the fact that every team lost more games than it won, sports at the College were, on the whole, more successful than ever. More students were playing and enjoying a greater diversity of games than ever before—rugby, soccer, basketball, swimming, table-tennis, badminton, and in the spring, softball.

Both athletic representatives, Helen Manning and Bill Reid, have encouraged all types of sports, and have taken an active part themselves in College athletics. The coaches, Frank Elliot, Dick Nixon, and Colin McFadyen must

be sincerely thanked by all members of the College for the time and effort they so generously gave to help develop good athletes, and to enable the average student to get more enjoyment from games.

The death of Eleanor Leason, the girls' basketball coach, was a bitter blow to members of the team and all the students who knew her. Her valuable basketball experience, her cheery disposition and her kindness and generosity will be sorely missed.

—BILL SLOAN.

RUGBY

Victoria College 5—Canadian Scottish 6.
Victoria College 5—Brentwood College 6.
Victoria College 11—Shawnigan Lake School 16.
Victoria College 12—University School 20.
Victoria College 0—Oak Bay Wanderers 11.
Victoria College 11—Oak Bay Wanderers 3.
Victoria College 14—Brentwood College 8.
Victoria College 0—J. B. A. A. 3.
Victoria College 6—J. B. A. A. 9.
Victoria College 9—J. B. A. A. 6.
Victoria College 11—Oak Bay Wanderers 3.
Victoria College 0—Victoria High School Reps 11.
Victoria College 3—J. B. A. A. 3.
Victoria College 12—Oak Bay Wanderers 0.
Victoria College 3—Victoria High School 8 (Kiwani Cup).
Victoria College 3—Royal Navy 3.
Victoria College 0—Brentwood College 8.
Victoria College 3—J. B. A. A. 0.
Victoria College 0—Royal Navy 3.
Victoria College won by default from the Oak Bay Wanderers.



Rugby

Back (left to right) Izard, Worthington, Hughes, Evans, Greer, Third - Lucas, MacDonald, Norman, Kjekstad, Mc Kay, Thompson, Ansley, Harod, Brown. Second - Rolfe, Rowell, Lanigan, Asselstine (Captain), Englehardt, Friker, Hammond, Front - Swinson, Pickford, McPherson, Vey.



Soccer

Back Left to right Anderson, Twitchell, Swinson, Brown Front - Henderson, Rolfe, Rowell (Captain) Turner, Pickford -

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The season's capitulation is as follows: Won 7, lost 11, tied 2; scored 108 points, and 127 scored against.

After a slow start the team, under the able coaching of Dick Nixon, finished the season in winning rush and narrowly missed winning the Intermediate League Championship, losing by a close score to the Royal Navy in the final game. The Blue and Gold for the first time in three years lost possession of the Kiwanis Cup as they bowed to the Victoria High School 8-3 in a bitterly fought contest. The George Jay Cup, contested annually between the College and the Wanderers, has yet to be played, but on the season's performance College should win it.

Great credit must be paid to Bill Brown and team captain Jim Asselstine, who spent much time assisting Dick Nixon in coaching the boys. Their efforts were well rewarded, for at the end of the season College had one of the best teams on the Island among the Intermediate teams.

SLOAN'S SLANTS ON THE PLAYERS

Dick Nixon—Quiet but efficient coach who turned a raw team into a real threat.

Jim Asselstine (2)—Hard tackling captain who was injured early in the season. Jim's heart is in rugby, and he worked unceasingly for the team all season.

Bill Brown (2)—Gave much valuable coaching to the backfield. He is an ex-Rep star.

Harry Evans (2)—Vice-captain. Is a heady player and always at the right place at the right time.

Wally Friker (3)—Was backfield star of the team until he played in the senior league. Fastest man on the team.

Mell Hughes (4)—His great experience was valuable in keeping the team going during the long siege. Mell never says quit on the rugby field.

Al Narod—Backbone of the threes. The hardest and deadliest tackle in the league. Uses his head and should go far in the game.

Ian MacDonald—Scrum leader and team kicker. Works hard all during a game and is always up on the ball.

Bernie Kjekstad—Although new to the game he shows great promise. Good open field runner.

Jack Lanigan—One of the outstanding breaks in the league. Always up on the ball and never tires.

Ian MacPherson—With Spanky at scrum half everything is under control. When chips are down he is at his best.

Barney Hammond—Bothered with injuries most of the year. Always plays hard to the final whistle, and never seems to weaken.

Coly Lucas—When he is on he is one of the best players in the city. Gave much experience and speed to the backfield.

Pat Izard—Who says that size and weight make for a good player. He is a real first-class hook.

Sandy Thompson—Played a good game at fullback. Long kicker and a sure pair of hands.

Hedley Rowell (2)—The Tiger caught on to the game quickly, and with more experience will make a real first-class player.

Chris Norman—Played well all year. Always willing to learn and a good team player.

Dave Anstey—Works hard all game. Lots of fight and speed. Will make an excellent break.

John Swainson (2)—His weight was very valuable to the lighter than average scrum. Has lots of push and brains.



Men's Basketball

Back (left to right) McMasters, Foster, Reid, Eaton, Price, Bryson - Front - James, Horne, Fields —



Swimming

Back (Left to Right) Montador, Robinson, Lane, Harper, Front - Smiley, Manning, Colin McFadyen, (Coach)
Gill, Patterson, Gibbs —

The Craigdarroch

Jimmy Greer—Small but fast. Plucky and a true sportsman.

Norm Englehardt—The tougher the going the better Norm likes it. With more experience will be one of the best men around.

Wally McKay—Always up on the ball. Doesn't say much but is always in the midst of the battle.

"Rabbit" Vey—A good tackler. Needs a little more experience, then watch him go.

"Happy" Apostoli, Roy Ralfs, John MacPherson, John Pickford and Duke Worthington were always ready to play when called upon.

MEN'S SOCCER

Victoria College	3—Oak Bay High School 3.
Victoria College	1—Victoria High School 2.
Victoria College	1—Mount Douglas High School 2.
Victoria College	1—Victoria High School 3.
Victoria College	3—Oak Bay High School 0.
Victoria College	0—Mount Douglas High School 1.
Victoria College	3—Oak Bay High School 1.
Victoria College	1—Mount View High School 3.

This year for the first time in many years soccer is a major sport at the College. Through the efforts of Hedley Rowell a team was organized and performed most creditably. The Blue and Gold won 2 games, lost 5, tied 1; scored 13 goals and had 15 scored against them. Next year it is hoped to enter the team into one of the organized leagues. Letters were awarded to Hedley Rowell (2), Bill Brown (2), John Swainson (2), Bill Anderson, John Pickford, Norm Twitchell, Roy Ralfs, Peter Henderson, B. Hall, J. Gush, and Godfrey.

MEN'S BASKETBALL

Victoria College	23—Caveys 31.
Victoria College	18—Normal School 19.
Victoria College	7—Normal School 15.
Victoria College	11—Normal School 21.
Victoria College	16—Aces 22.
Victoria College	12—Normal School 7.
Victoria College	14—Commercial Bruisers 20.
Victoria College	20—Normal School 22.
Victoria College	20—Duncan High School 13.
Victoria College	17—Norman School 14.

The season's capitulation is: Won 3, lost 7; points for 158, and points against 184.

Before the end of the season the happy-go-lucky lambs under the coaching of Frank "Bomber" Elliot turned into roaring herd of huskies with the battle cry of "We'll kill 'em." The team, after losing its first five games came back to win three out of the last five, and showed a great deal of improvement.

The outstanding feature of the season was the series with Normal School which the rookie teachers won, four games to two, scoring 98 points to the Blue and Golds 85. All the games were battle royals with no quarter asked or given. The "We'll kill 'em" cry of the College was interpreted quite literally, and for a while Bill Reid tried to get some of the rugby boys to turn out.

A trip was made up to Duncan where the College scored their easiest win of the season. It must have been that up-Island climate, or was it?



WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

Back row (left to right): Craig, Cavenagh, Carruthers, Hutchinson, Lettice, Byrom, Manning (captain). Front row: McDonald, Millins, McInnes.



In Memoriam

ELEANOR LEASON

Died January 27th, 1940.

Mrs. Arthur Leason played on many champion basketball teams, and for the last two years was the coach of the College Girls' Basketball Team. The girls of the team and all those associated with her will never forget her cheerfulness, fighting spirit, and above all, her sportsmanship.

SLOAN'S SLANTS ON THE PLAYERS

Coach Frank Elliot—The Old Man of Basketball really whipped the boys into shape, and they all appreciated his intelligent coaching.

Bill Reid—The backbone of the team, and not only in weight either. He can really move around that basketball floor.

Gerry Bryson (2)—Makes the scoring plays. Passes well and good in the clutch.

Bob Horne (4)—Can play a really good game—does when it is needed.

Pud Foster—His floor play is good. Plays steady game at guard. Had tough luck in his bucket shots.

Sam James—A real hard fighting forward. Very dependable.

Don Fields—His height made him valuable on rebounds.

Rube Price was a valuable man, although his work stopped him playing regularly.

Phil McMaster—Always shone when he had the right person in the gallery.

Vic Eaton—Was very useful until he left at Christmas.

SWIMMING

The College Swimming Club, which flourished some years ago, was re-organized in September, 1939. The Club, which Helen Manning did much to promote and form, met with instant popularity, and at the end of the year there were forty active members. Meetings were held twice a week at the Crystal Garden and on the average 12 members turned up. The club is a success and is sure to be a permanent fixture.

Mr. Colin McFadyen undertook to coach the members and did a very creditable job. In the Inter-School Gala in the fall Helen Manning won the 50-yard open free style, and the girls were third in the relay race. Major letters were given to Bob Lane, Helen Manning (3) and Gwen Gibbs, and minors to John Montador and Marian Robinson.

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

The girls' basketball squad suffered a severe loss this year in the death of their popular coach, Eleanor Leason. Despite this setback the girls carried on and played a total of 10 games. Although they lost the majority of them they had some very close games, most of their losses being of the two and three point variety.

Scoring stars of the team were Helen Manning with 120 points, Lorraine Carruthers with 69, and Betty Millins with 19. Evelyn Lettice, Jill Cavenagh and Pat Craig played steadily at the guard positions, while Hazel Hutchinson, June Byrom, June MacDonald and Donna McInnes contributed some well-played games. The players who are returning next year should form the nucleus of a very strong team that should, with a little luck, win the league.

Letters were won by H. Manning (3), E. Lettice (3), P. Craig, L. Carruthers, B. Millins, J. MacDonald, J. Byrom, D. McInnes, J. Cavenagh (2) and H. Hutchinson.

(P.S.—The scores of the games were withheld by special request of the team.—The Editor.)

TABLE TENNIS

After a lapse of a few years table tennis was played and it proved very popular. The only outside games that the College played were with Oak Bay High School and College lost both matches. It is hoped that next year more will be done to arrange an inter-school league. Champions were Don Robinson and Joan Gill.

BADMINTON

There has been a noticeable lack of interest in the Badminton Club as compared with former years. The College champions were Jill Cavenagh and Roland Dodwell. Jill Cavenagh is the outstanding member in the club and one of B. C.'s better players. As usual the College handicap championships were played, and most of the badminton players in the College entered and enjoyed themselves.

SOFTBALL

Last Spring a soft ball team was formed under the management of Mr. R. Wallace. It easily won all its five games against organized teams. Features of the club were some good pitching by John G. Smith, hard clouting by Wally Friker and Buck Sloan, and an airtight infield. At present plans are under way for the formation of another "Wonder Team."

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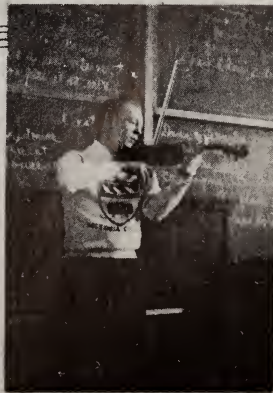
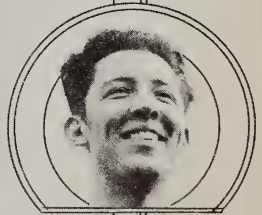
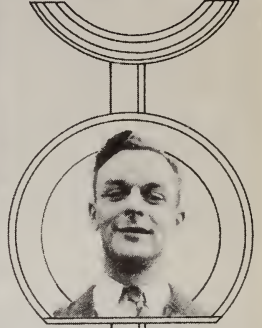
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... CANDIDS



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On the first day of the session the Freshettes were introduced to College life by the second year girls. Tea was served to the duly impressed guests after which they were shown over the building in its entirety (even the tower).

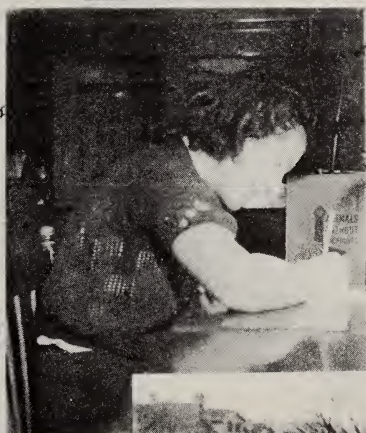
Due to the fact that war had been declared there was no formal initiation, but at the end of the first week the Sophomores entertained the Freshmen at the first dance of the year. At this everyone became acquainted, and the First Year's decided that College did have something (or someone) after all.

The Parents' Reception came next on the Social Calendar. At this gathering students cautiously introduced their parents to the professors, gave them something to eat, and hurriedly took them home again that they might be safe (and have little opportunity to discuss student progress).

One of the outstanding events of the year was the Hard Times' Dance, to which the lads and lassies trekked in calico and blue jeans. Fully 3/1000 of an inch was worn from the glass-like surface of the floor of Room 1 by the rug-cutting Freshmen and Freshettes. Prizes were awarded for the best costumes: the winners were Jill Cavenagh and Chris Norman.

Everyone entered into the spirit of the Christmas Dance, which was held in the lower lounge of the Empress Hotel. Many of the ex-Students now at University in Seattle and Vancouver were present. The orchestra honoured those from U. B. C. by playing their Alma Mater, "Hail, U. B. C.!"

The dull days of February were brightened this year by the advent of the annual Co-ed Dance. For several weeks before the dance, girls were seen furtively looking for men—or boys, to take to the hop. Very attractive



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decorations and dance cards were prepared by the "old faithfuls." Because the girls managed this, it was one of the most successful dances of the year.

This article being written in the middle of March, we can only prophesy that coming events will be successful. The Annual Banquet and Dance is planned for the 29th of this month. A worried look has already been noticed on the faces of various speechmakers, and all good joke books are in eager demand. The dance is to be held in the Empress Hotel, and will no doubt bring a memorable evening to a close.

The closing dance, at which the new council entertains the old, and the sophomores are admitted free of charge, winds up the social events for the year. If the new council makes the social year of 1940-41 as successful as the one just briefly reviewed, they will be doing a commendable job.

BUS RIDE

An impatient wait in the rain—pouring rain which rolled off my umbrella and soaked the backs of my legs. Then a blast from the strident horn of the bus and an increasing roar from the old engine as the veteran drew near. As it gasped to a stop, I backed a little to avoid the spray of mud and water which arose from the enormous tread-worn tires. As the bus terminus was only a short distance from where I lived, I knew most of the faces. I took a seat in the middle of the bus beside an old man, Mr. Hilder, whom I remembered from my little-girl days. Except for a deepening of laugh wrinkles around his eyes he seemed not to have changed.

The windows were all shut—it was a chilly day. A musty, wet-wool smell filled the air. My country nose could detect other smells—very close to nature.

There was Mrs. Jamey Jame with little Jamey, one wizened leg sticking out in its iron brace. He doesn't mind—it's been like that since he was born. His eyes glistened at the prospect of a day in town—only three of them in a year, Christmas shopping day, doctor day, and Easter Sunday when they go to the big church. In front of me Ian McGregor, soldier, 16th regiment, Canadian Scottish, was talking to a thin man in a rain-soaked hat. Ian shoved back his Glengarry and clasped his hands around his bare knees.

"You know, those machine guns we got now at the barracks will blast the hide off anything in sight. They got 'em now over there. Those Germans will dam' well wish they stayed home. Wouldn't I like to get in front of Hitler with one of them!"

Both men laughed loudly at this futile, common wish.

"Here, have a smoke?"

"No, thanks—I don't."

"What? Hah, you will son, you will!"

The older man took a long drag at his cigarette and settled back comfortably.

"Ever hear of the 42nd Battalion?"

"No, can't say as I have."

"No, I don't suppose you would—we didn't do. . . ."

A roar of gears interrupted the conversation.

He went on: "Well, we had pretty fine machine guns too, but they didn't get us far. A swarm of bloody Huns would sweep over the barbed wire—falling thick too, but they kept on coming—and coming. Our machine guns would be filling up half a dozen dead men while the rest, well, they'd jump in our own trenches and do their stuff. It's funny though, son, I don't hate those Germans—even now when they're at it again. We had. . . ."

He stopped in the dead silence as a new passenger got in. I looked up to see who it was—an aged young woman, wet wisps of hair over her face, wet grey-white hat pulled well down over her ears, and cheap wet fur clinging to her neck. Lurching from side to side she made her way down the aisle as the bus gained speed, clutching three large empty shopping bags in

The Craigdarroch

her rain-stained cotton gloves. She took a seat. I looked at her companion—an Indian woman, her heavy cheeks shaking with the motion of the bus. Around her head was an orange silk scarf. A tasseled red and green shawl was wrapped around her thick shoulders.

Mr. Hilder beside me, lulled by the drone of the motor, was humming "When you and I were young, Maggie"—no reason—never even had a wife. He did not see these people as some might—to him they were Mrs. Jamey Jame and her crippled son—"Tough on the little kid. Ian McGregor, why, could it be Ian, grown up so big and handsome in his soldier's uniform? Crickets—ain't no time at all since he was giving him peppermint sticks down to the blacksmith's shop." He did not see that the new passenger was old beyond her years—he saw only the three shopping bags. "Guess her man Jim's doin' all right if she brings all three of them back full."

He took out his corn cob pipe and sucked it noisily.

"Smoking in rear seats only—huh, guess I'd better move—'scuse me, will yuh?"

He tripped over my feet and sat down in the back of the bus. Soon I felt someone else at my side. Looking up I recognized one of our 'gentlemen farmers' who raise chickens—such pets, you know.

"May I sit beside you, please—I simply can't stand the smell of pipe smoke."

I said nothing and down he came, black suit case and all.

"Nice day, isn't it? This rain is so refreshing—clears the air, don't you think?"

The air should have been cleared—it had been raining steadily for a week and a half.

"You're interested in music, aren't you?"

"Yes—quite."

"I have some lovely new records—you must come down and hear them some evening."

"I'd love to."

"I have one delightful one—Jean McDonald singing—rather odd title, "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life." I have another one where she is singing with a man—what is his name? let me think."

"Do you mean Nelson Eddy?"

"Yes, that's the fellow—he has a powerful voice, hasn't he? You must come and hear them!"

"I've heard them—they sing on the radio."

"Yes, I expect they do—their voices carry so well!"

He went on: "Don't you think this war is just horrible?"

"It certainly is!"

"I was saying to my wife only this morning I did so hope it would be over by Christmas—that still gives them almost two months. I'm sure something can be done to settle everything in that time. We could have such a nice Christmas if there wasn't a war."

"It hardly seems possible that it could be finished by Christmas—there are so many formalities to go through."

"Yes, I suppose you're right—but still. . . ."

The bus was well in the city by the time the war was partially settled. The driver called out, "City Hall, next stop depot." Several people climbed out with bags, boxes and umbrellas, and wandered off down the street. The almost empty bus rolled off down towards the depot. As the driver stopped for a red light, an extremely colourful woman flounced up to the front.

"Please let me off here, driver. I see an old friend there on the sidewalk—see her, she's waving—Yoo-hoo!"

"Sorry lady, can't wait—the light's changing."

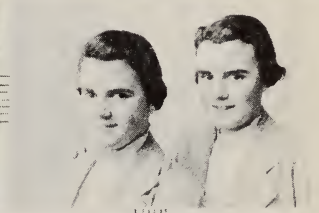
"Oh, but driver, I'll miss her in the crowd—please!"

"Sorry, lady."

"Aw driver, I think you're just the meanest old thing!"

We reached the terminus. The rest of us got out. The soldier and his companion walked off to read the notice board of the morning paper. Mrs.

... CANDIDS



Jamey Jame and little Jamey trudged off—Jamey painfully hobbling after his mother. To the doctor's first—then maybe lunch in a real restaurant. There goes my 'gentleman farmer' hurrying off to the music store. Mr. Hilder without any real objective strolled down the street—leaning on his gnarled hand-made stick with the gratefulness of old age. I find myself watching him a little enviously. What matter if he doesn't see his fellow man as I do—he is all the happier for it—he is one of them.

—JEAN C. STRAIGHT.

A BRUSH WITH A PHILISTINE or "I SURE TOLD HIM OFF!"

Yes sir, I think a college education is the only thing. . . . No, of course not—it doesn't make bright men. A fool will turn out a fool whether he goes to college or not—although he'll probably turn out a different sort of a fool. . . . I know you get along alright without it, but sometime a guy with not as much native ability as you, may pass you up because he has a college education. . . . Well, it teaches you to think, and to think quickly, and that certainly pays. If you can get the answer while the other fellow is chewing the end of his pencil, that's going to boost you along in the end. The professors are the first to present or awaken the ideas which are the seeds of your future imaginative and intellectual life. . . . No, in high school you only gather a few bundles of facts—you don't learn to generalize, to reason and to know how to go about solving the difficulty in any apparent complexity. In college you learn to be detached and self-controlled, to be free from emotionalism and to be more of an amused spectator of life.

Certainly I speak French—uh—"Vous etes homme, er—quel temps est-il? n'est ce pas?"—but I won't bore you with that.

Oh, so you're interested in Psychology, eh? Well, I've studied a little of that myself. . . . Freud? hmmm. Well, yes, there are some general truths in his theories but you can't really accept his stuff because it's not on a physiological basis. After all, this chatter about "drive" and "vital impulses" is pretty thin. . . . No, I'm not a behaviourist. You can't expect to answer all the mysteries of life, mind and will simply by observing the reactions of dogs, rats, or babies. . . . No—frankly I couldn't just say what school I belong to. The more you learn, the less you know! heh! heh! There is something to be said for them all, but to follow blindly any one particular school of thought leads to dogmatism and that's just what is wrong with the world to-day—too much adherence to narrow philosophies.

Yes, I've had a bit of economics—of course that too is a tremendous study. . . . The Depression? Well there were a lot of forces at work there. I don't know them all, but if you consult any good Economics text book, you will find the answer. . . . Naturally, there is disagreement among authors, but you surely can't expect everyone to have identical views. . . . Certainly there are solutions to the present problems, but they are bound to have flaws. Society isn't something that can be taken apart and repaired like a machine. Changes for the common good are gradual and combine the efforts and talents of several generations. . . . No, I haven't any cure—if I had I'd start a movement and make some money for myself! No, they don't teach you to keep books! Any fool can learn that at a business school—but to be a Captain of Industry, you've got to know the theories. . . . Very funny, "Lots of privates know the theories too!" I see that you think that all we learn at college is useless theory. Do you realize that nothing has ever been practised that wasn't derived from a theory. . . . Yes, maybe I can prove that two and two make four by trigonometry and calculus, and yet I can't keep books, but that doesn't change the fact that all hope for the progress of civilization is based on trigonometry—I mean theoretical thinking.

PORTRAIT OF A COLLEGE STUDENT
- APOLOGIES TO PB. 38-39 -



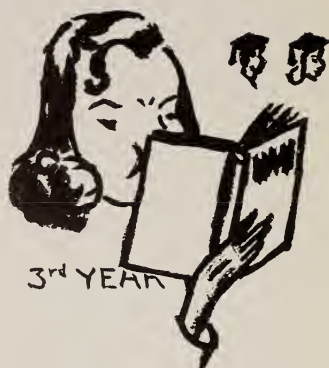
1st YEAR



2nd YEAR



2nd YEAR



3rd YEAR

OH, I THOUGHT GIRLS
WERE SUPPOSED TO
LEAD AT COEDS



YES.
THAT'S THE
COUNCIL ROOM



B.D.B.

The Craigdarroch

Yes, I'd say I had a pretty good grounding in literature. . . . sure I could quote from "Paradise Lost." . . . What?—who couldn't write a merchantable street-car ad?

Well, if you're really interested, my other subject is Biology. . . . Yes, we've done a little lab. work on brains—nothing higher than a frog's though You say you doubt if there is anything higher around the College! Well, let me tell you that it's the guys like you who cause all the trouble in this world. You learn how to add and then go around bragging about your ignorance. By gad, if I were running things, I'd lock up all you Know-it-alls and make you read Plato and Kant. That's the trouble with the world to-day—it's in the hands of the Philistines! . . . I'm sorry, Mr. Babbitt—I didn't intend to get worked up there. Of course I meant nothing personal. What I came for is to see if you could put me to work in your office. . . . You need an office boy? . . . Gee whiz, Mr. Babbitt, thanks very much! I'll report on Monday morning.

—LLOYD McKENZIE.

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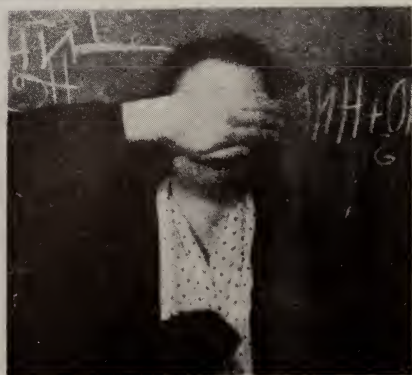
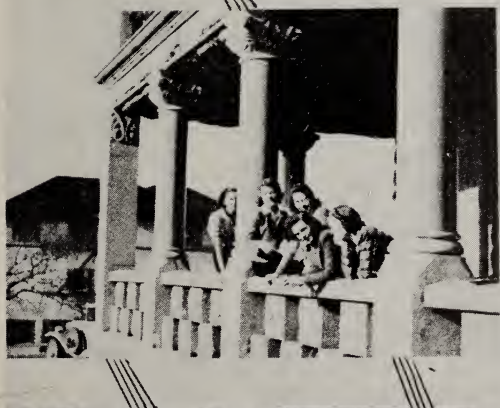
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A STORY WITH A MORAL

"Your attendance is urgently requested on Monday (I forgot the date) at three-thirty sharp," said the letter. I did not have to think twice to realize that my poor marks in the mid-term tests were the reason that lay behind this summons.

Monday finally rolled around and I dutifully deposited myself in front of the Principal's office, and I found that I was not alone. There were some ten or twenty students, in the same plight as I. All seemed to be wondering what was going to happen. Someone suggested that we were to go in together and receive a "pep talk." This idea was hopefully seized upon by everyone including me. We felt that there would be strength in numbers. Soon things began to happen. The "lab" people were taken in first, and one by one. I was sure I would be one of the first to go in because my name starts with "A." That was an advantage, I thought. I was soon to learn that the girls were "going in" first. That shattered any hope I had of an early interview. "This is going to take all night," was the general opinion expressed.

I tried to think of something to pass the time but I was not very successful. For one thing I was afraid to go away from the door because I might lose my turn! But I finally fell into temptation and played a game of ping-pong. I arrived back on the scene just in time to see someone whisked in the door. I had lost my place and had to wait all the longer.

At about ten minutes to five I was admitted into the office. "You can come in now," said Professor Y, "I'm sorry that we kept you waiting so long."

"That's all right," I said, and didn't mean it.

The faculty board consisted of Professors X, Y and Z.

"Well," said Professor X (he was seated at a desk—the other two were standing, "we don't want this man—he makes three first-class marks in his sciences."

That was a surprise to me.

"But he fails in Maths, English and French."

Here it comes, I thought.

"Yes," said Professor Y. "You certainly need your Maths. in science."

I nodded—I had been told that before.

"How about this English, then," said Professor X.

"O, that—" I didn't know what to say; "the exam. was a bit confusing, I thought."

"You're not very poetical, then," he said.

I practically fell over myself to seize this pathway of escape.

"No, I'm not," and I considered myself cleared of that charge.

Professor X looked up thoughtfully and said, "Perhaps if you would neglect your sciences for a while, and study up on your English, Maths. and French?"

I said, "No, I couldn't do that—not neglect them."

This had a most pronounced effect. Professor Y and Professor Z, who were standing, fell upon poor Professor X's neck, and that suggestion was immediately thrown out.

Then came a general lull.

I thought I had better say something so I ventured timidly, "I think I can bring those marks up by Christmas."

This also had a pronounced effect. Everybody but me relaxed.

"Atta boy," said Professor Y.

Professor X stretched and Professor Z took his hands out of his pockets. The interview was over.

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THE LAST CLOCK

Johnathan Smythe was a clock-maker. All his life he had made clocks, and now he was old. Johnathan had come to his last clock. He lingered over it for months, fashioning the tiny wires and wheels. This gave him a sense of security as if his chain of habit could fasten him more tightly to his life.

It was spring now, and every day his yellow daffodils became less clutchable grey shadows, and each evening he muttered that the days were drawing in, although he knew it was spring as well as did his daffodils. He worked almost entirely by touch and yet he did not hurry to finish the clock, for he liked to pretend that he was as competent as ever.

One sunny morning he woke to his chime striking seven and he was afraid; he was afraid to open his eyes! His body was rigid and his nervous old hands grasped at the sheets. Gradually he lifted his eyelids—there was the merest glimmer of light.

He stumbled out of bed and down the stairs. Blindly he fastened on the last wheel—the tiny pivot screwed on backwards! The light was all gone then. Johnathan sat staring back at the darkness for a long time. Then he rose and fumbled his way outside. The sun made the blackness lighter but Johnathan really did not care, he just sat in the sun because it made him feel drowsy and he could dream better dreams about his youth and his clocks, and especially his last clock. It was really quite pleasant just sitting in the sun.

When Johnathan died they came to his house and auctioned off his clocks. The "last clock" was bought by an efficient little dealer who sold it without ever having wound it to a Miss Margaret Dickson, who was well known as a lover of the beautiful. She was, however, primarily a lover of the beautiful past.

With the clock nestled silently under her arm she went through the traffic till she reached a bus stop. There she mounted a bright yellow bus which blinked its dissipated red eye at her, but she did not wink back because she was too busy thinking about more important matters. After some time Miss Dickson rang the buzzer as usual at the third green cottage on the left and they alighted. They then walked a short way till they came to a stupid little house which obligingly opened its door to Miss Dickson's key. Once inside, without stopping even to remove her coat, she walked determinedly down the hall, up the stairs and into her bedroom. She placed the clock on a small table, smiled happily to herself in several of her antique mirrors and went downstairs to make her supper. After this light meal she thoroughly scrubbed her frying pan and said good night to her cat. Then returning to her bedroom, she undressed slowly, carefully wound her clock and went to bed.

Margaret Dickson found herself walking through snow-covered fields. Charley was striding ahead of her and they laughed together as she attempted to step in his footprints. He stopped walking and held out his arms—their shadows became one.

"Next month," he said, "next month my darling." They walked the rest of the way in silence. She stood at her gate till he turned the corner and then ran indoors and up to her room, pretending not to hear her mother's voice from the living room. She hung out of her bedroom window before getting quickly undressed and jumping into bed where she soon fell asleep, smiling happily to herself.

Miss Margaret Dickson awoke and stared stupidly about her. "But I am old!" she said, "I am not young any more, I am not at home and Charley married Elsie Marshall, Charley married Elsie Marshall." The words began hammering over and over in her head as they had done years ago. She shook herself and glared severely into the mirror. "Don't be silly," she told her uncertain eyes. She glanced at her watch and then at her new clock. It had stopped. Sometime later Miss Dickson left the clock at her favourite jewellers while she went to do her marketing. Laden with a lettuce, a box of fudge, and a large bunch of daffodils she re-entered the shop. The jeweller greeted her with "It's ready for you, Miss Dickson—rather strange, one of the wheels was on backwards." Margaret Dickson started. "Yes," she said thoughtfully, "that is very strange."

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TERRANCE PITT O'GRADY

This picture of Terry was taken at the beginning of the term,
and was slightly undeveloped.

RISING STORM — WEST COAST

Crashing thunder on the rocks,
The sea comes roaring in,
With a black outward surging,
Laying bare the foam-flecked shale.
The rising wind with slow rushes
Whips the whitecaps 'cross the waves.
The arbutus bends its twisted form
Wind born, wind seared, wind moulded
To its present shape, swaying from
The power that made it
While sea-gulls wheel and cry
And the darkening sun grows dim.
The rain beats drear against the windowpane,
The southing wind beneath the eaves
Sucks its breath out and back again.
Space, desolate and lost, seems there
Void behind the beating rain,
Although my heart cries out,
To some wild remembrance of forgotten things,
My body shrinks and gladdens at the fire,
Keeping me chained from all that sings.

The Craigdarroch

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